TOP SECRET // EYES ONLY

JAMES BOND
HAMMERHEAD

ISSUE 001

ANDY DIGGLE
14 JUN 2016

REVISED
10 AUG 2016

// DESTROY AFTER READING //

PAGE 1

We open with a page of FULL-WIDTH, SLOT-SHAPED panels combining two opposite and complimentary lines of movement; our POV zooms upwards toward a rooftop, while a parachutist descends toward the rooftop from the background. Our POV converges with the parachutist in the final panel at the foot of the page. Boom!

1) Full width panel. Wide ESTABLISHING shot. It's NIGHT in Caracas, Venezuela. LOW ANGLE, looking up at the TORRE DE DAVID skyscraper looming over us. This is a real-world building, an upmarket skyscraper abandoned mid-construction, that has since become a "vertical slum" inhabited by thousands of squatters. Most of the building lacks windows, open to the air. A multitude of dim light-sources flicker in the honeycomb of open floors; TVs, candles, lanterns. A FULL MOON casts an eerie silver glow...

TITLE

Caracas
Venezuela

2) Full-width panel. Zoom in CLOSER to the tower. We're rising towards the rooftop helipad, where we now see a GUARD standing at the parapet, backlit by the moonlit clouds. He's a shanty-town drug-gang badass; shaved head, prison tats, AK-47 slung over his shoulder. Behind him, unnoticed, the silhouette of a PARACHUTIST appears against the full moon...

TITLE

"El Torre De David"
Vertical Slum

3) Full-width panel. Zoom in CLOSER as the guard SUDDENLY TURNS, sensing something behind him, unslinging his AK-47! The PARACHUTIST is now very close above/behind him, clad in black tactical gear, balaclava and night-vision goggles, AIMING a suppressed WALTHER P99 at the Guard's head --

GUARD

Hnnh-?

4) Full-width panel. Zoom in CLOSER. The parachutist FIRES a single shot from his suppressed P99, now only about 10 feet from the guard, who has turned his back on us to face the parachutist, half-raising his AK-47. Too late! A fist-sized burst of blood, bone and brain BLOWS out of the back of the guard's head --

FX

FUPP

<u>PAGE 2</u>

1) The parachutist lands nimbly, cat-like, crouched feet-first on the dead guard's chest, muffling the sound of his landing. Black tactical gear, ammo, equipment pouches. His black chute splays out silently behind him as it settles.

FX
FWUMP

2) BIG! Move in close as the parachutist rises and turns to us, pulling off his balaclava and night-vision goggles to reveal he's JAMES BOND. Cold eyes, and the ghost of a self-satisfied smile. This is your hero shot.

BOND
Clean insertion.

RADIO
(jagged; no tail)
Roger that, 007. Now we need you to--

BOND
Going radio silent.

3) Small, close. Bond checks a small wrist-mounted PDA. The screen shows a translucent 3D graphic of the Torre de David. A red GPS marker pulses somewhere near the top of the building - the source of the signal he's tracking...

ON SCREEN
TRIANGULATING SIGNAL SOURCE...

<u>PAGE 3</u>

1) SMALL INSET. Close on a gas-powered GRAPNEL PISTOL, FIRING a tiny spike-tipped grappling hook with three articulated arms --

FX
PFAM

2) Down-shot. Bond RAPPELS down the side of the moonlit tower. A dizzying drop below him.

<u>NOTE</u>: This section of the tower has glass windows installed.

3) Small, close. Bond's gloved hand presses a tiny SUCKER MIC against a window. An LED glows.

FX
bip

4) Standing against the wall between floors, rope taut, Bond presses a gloved finger to his earpiece, eyes narrowed, listening intently...

SAXON
(radio, tailless)
This is <u>bullshit</u>, Kraken...

1) BIG, WIDE ESTABLISHING SHOT. High in the tower, the slum lair of underground hacker SAXON; bare concrete space interspersed with cylindrical support columns and salvaged junk furniture. Deep shadows. An armed THUG warms himself by an oil-drum fire. Another patrols in the background. In the center of the floor, wildly incongruous in this derelict space, is an ultra high-tech COMPUTER WORKSTATION; raw code scrawls across multiple screens; racks of supercomputers, with cables snaking across the floor to a heavy-duty diesel generator. Standing at the workstation is Saxon: a grungy anti-capitalist with white-boy dreads, wearing thrift-store Army-surplus gear and a shemagh (Arab-style neck scarf).

SAXON
I delivered, man, just like you said! Now you gotta cut me loose--

KRAKEN
(synthetic; tailless)
You failed to uphold your side of the deal, Mister Saxon.

2) Move in on Saxon, lit by his screens. He looks agitated, energized, upset.

SAXON
No way! That intel's gold dust, man! You know anyone else can crack state-level encryption and slip away clean--?

KRAKEN
(synthetic; tailless)
You were compromised. They tracked your satellite relay.
(link)
Fortunately, this eventuality has been prepared for...

3) POV from behind Saxon, his body-language registering DISMAY as every one of his screens turns RED with the words DATA PURGE in big white letters. An emergency data-erasure program.

SAXON
What are you-?
(link)
No! My rack! I'll lose everything-!

KRAKEN
(synthetic; tailless)
You already have, Mister Saxon. All you have left to lose is your life.
(link)
Speaking of which...

4) Close on Saxon, horrified. His hand instinctively goes to his shemagh neck-scarf, which we'll soon discover is hiding a bomb collar. He's scared for his life.

KRAKEN
(synthetic; tailless)
There is a British agent on the south wall of your building, monitoring this conversation.
(link)
Kill him.

1) BIG! BOND SMASHES feet-first through the window on his rappel line --

FX
SKASSHH

2) The terrified Saxon YELLS to his guards as he himself FLEES the other way. Both guards move in, FIRING their AK-47s from the hip - undisciplined "spray and pray" style--

SAXON
You heard the man-!

FX
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

3) Bond DIVE-ROLLS towards a nearby pillar as gunfire BITES CHUNKS out of the bare concrete floor around him --

FX
SPANNGG PTOWWW

4) Bond stands in cover with his back to the concrete support pillar, cool under fire, P99 held up two-handed near his face. The guards move in from either side behind him, BLASTING AWAY at the pillar on full auto. A BLIZZARD of concrete chips and dust fly --

PAGE 6

1) Close. Bond has swung out around the pillar and dropped to one knee, calmly aiming two-handed and FIRING, TWO SHOTS ONLY --

FX
FUPP
FUPP

2) Wide. A bullet catches the nearest guard through the forehead, snapping his head back. The other guard is already crumpling, dead, with a spurting bullet-hole through his heart --

GUARD
GUH-

3) Bond stands at the workstation, tapping away at the keyboard. His face lit by the red screens that still say DATA PURGE.

4) SMALL INSET. Extreme close on a command window that has opened up on one of the red screens. White-on-black it reads:

ON SCREEN
> *Command override denied.*
> *Data purge complete.*

5) Small, close. Bond TURNS to look over his shoulder, scowling, knowing he's going to have to chase after Saxon. His job just got that much harder...

PAGE 7

1) Dramatic low angle. Saxon is running FULL-TILT towards us down an unfinished internal stairwell, taking the steps three at a time. Bare concrete, no safety railings, and an open 40-storey drop down the middle!

2) Close. Bond SHOULDER-SLAMS the door open at the top of the stairwell above --

3) High angle, looking down. Saxon JUMPS over the gaping chasm, aiming for an open doorway below him on the opposite side --

4) Close. Aiming low, two-handed, Bond FIRES his GRAPNEL GUN --

5) Close. The grapple PIERCES Saxon's calf in mid-air!

SAXON
(jagged)
Aaaagh! My leg-!

PAGE 8

1) TALL VERTICAL PANEL down the full height of the left-hand side of the page. Saxon DANGLES upside-down in the stairwell shaft! Screaming in agony, suspended by the grapple through his lower leg. Two floors above, Bond stands at the edge of the drop, straining with exertion as he hauls the rope back up...

BOND
You'd rather I let you go?
(link)
Talk!

2) CLOSE ANGLE over Bond's shoulder. Bond has grabbed Saxon by the lapels, roughly dragging him up to the lip of the upper landing - but not to safety. If Bond lets go, Saxon falls. Saxon is in agony, terrified --

SAXON
It-- It was Kraken! He made me do it!
(link)
I-- I had no choice, man-!

3) Saxon's POV. Bond snarls --

BOND
There's always a choice.
(link)
Who is he? Give me a name!

4) Bond's POV. Saxon rips away his shemagh scarf - revealing a steel BOMB COLLAR locked around his neck! Welded to the collar is a small WEB-CAM and transceiver. An LED glows GREEN --

SAXON
I can't! He-- He's watching-!
(link)
P-Please, you gotta help me! Gimme immunity-!

PAGE 9

1) SMALL INSET. EXTREME CLOSE on the GREEN bomb collar LED...

2) SMALL INSET. SAME ANGLE. The LED suddenly turns RED!

FX
bleeeee

3) BIG. BOND'S POV. Our hands LET GO of Saxon, who falls away from us with a look of stark HORROR. The 40-storey drop YAWNS below him. The LED on his bomb collar glows red in the gloom --

BOND
Not my department.

4) Full-width panel. Bond throws his arms up to protect his face as he is BLASTED back through the doorway by an EXPLOSION in the stairwell below!

5) Full-width panel. Low angle. Bond is sprawled on the rubble-strewn floor. He half-rises to face us, one arm still partly up near his face, SCOWLING. Grim. He messed up and he knows it.

BOND
... Damn.

PAGE 10

1) Full-width panel. Wide establishing shot of MI6 HEADQUARTERS at Vauxhall Cross, London.

TITLE
London
MI6 Headquarters

M
(from upper floor)
Inefficient, 007. Inadequate.
(link)
One might even go so far as to say, counterproductive.

2) Full-width panel. Wide establishing shot of M's office. M at his desk, peeved, with several files spread out before him. Bond sits before him in a tailored suit, calmly taking the grilling.

M
Not only did you singularly fail to identify this hacker's employer - the sole purpose of your mission - but you also managed to alert him to the fact that we're onto him.

BOND
With respect, Sir, I'd say he was already well aware.

3) Close on Bond. Grim. Naming his enemy.

BOND
He calls himself Kraken.

4) Close on M. He scowls at us.

M
I've read your mission report, 007. Blessedly brief as it is...
(link)
And one crassly theatrical code-name does not a formal identification make.

PAGE 11

1) M opens a file...

M
Kraken's voice was synthesized, so your intercept was biometrically useless.
(link)
Still, G.C.H.Q. have been able to dig up a few scraps...

2) Angle on the open file. Most of the paperwork is illegible, but we can see a police mugshot of SAXON, and a HUNT ENGINEERING arms catalogue (we'll need an H.E. LOGO). The front cover shows images of tanks, missiles, submarines and/or fighters jets. Hunt are a Lockheed Martin-level player in the global arms market.

M
(off-panel)
He's a radical anti-capitalist. Which explains why he hired - or as it now seems, coerced - this hacker into targeting Hunt.
(link)
Unfortunately, we have no way of knowing how successful he may have been.

3) Full-width panel. POV from behind Bond, facing M, who looks peevish.

BOND
Hunt, Sir?

M
Hunt Engineering, 007. As in Britain's leading arms manufacturer.
(link)
I do assume you've heard of them.

4) On Bond. Flat delivery, keeping his cool despite M's needling.

BOND
Of course, Sir. Responsible for billions of pounds in exports to our allies in the Middle East and elsewhere.
(link)
I understand the C.E.O. Lord Hunt is a close personal friend of the Prime Minister.

PAGE 12

1) M gives us a grave look.

M
That much you could ascertain from a glance at any broadsheet.
(link)
What you don't know is that Hunt have just been commissioned by Her Majesty's Government to replace Trident.

2) Bond looks mildly taken aback. This is serious.

BOND
Kraken is targeting Britain's nuclear deterrent...?

3) M sits back in his chair and addresses us with an air of accusatory sarcasm...

M
We can't know for sure, since thanks to you, our one potential asset is now a greasy carbon-stain in a stairwell in Venezuela.
(link)
But we would be remiss in our duties if we were to overlook the possibility, don't you think?

4) Bond leans forward to rise from his chair but freezes mid-action, glancing up at the interruption from M off-panel--

BOND
I'll get right on it--

M
(off-panel)
No, you won't.

BOND
... Sir?

PAGE 13

1) Close on M. Hard eyes.

M
Our entire national security posture for the next thirty years hinges upon the Trident replacement.
(link)
And you've already bungled one operation.

2) Hard on Bond, standing now, with a defiant look. Jaw clenched. Restraining his temper.

BOND
Kraken knew I was coming.
(link)
Sir.

3) On M.

M
All the more reason to keep you out of play.
(link)
No, I'm assigning you to Hunt. The Dubai Arms Fair is coming up, and Kraken may make another attempt.
(link)
In which case - and I choose these words with care, 007 - you are to acquire. Intelligence.

4) On Bond. Not happy, but ever the professional.

BOND
Babysitting.
(link)
May I ask, Sir - is this punishment duty?

5) Full-width panel. High angle, wide shot. M has already turned his attention to his paperwork, pen in one hand, making a dismissive gesture with the other. Bond stands before him, dismissed.

M
That will be all, 007.

PAGE 14

1) Smallish inset panel. Medium close on Bond, who has just emerged from M's office into Moneypenny's outer office, gently pulling the door shut behind him. Dry --

BOND
Y'know, Moneypenny, I have the nastiest suspicion I'm in the doghouse.

2) Big, wide establishing shot of MONEYPENNY'S office. She smiles at Bond as he enters.

MONEYPENNY
He's just on edge. The National Security Council have been riding him pretty hard about this potential data breach.

BOND
Politicians. Since when does M give a damn what they think?

3) Moneypenny raises an eyebrow, wry.

MONEYPENNY
Since Hunt started decommissioning nuclear warheads. Not to mention the fact they make weapons and equipment for Q Branch...

4) Bond sits casually on the edge of Moneypenny's desk. She's handing him an envelope. Their manner is light, flirtatious.

BOND
Really? I always assumed the Major just tinkered them up in his potting shed...
(link)
What's this?

MONEYPENNY
Red-eye to Dubai. Economy.
(link)
Miss Ponsonby has your itinerary. I hope you haven't bothered unpacking yet.

5) Small, low angle. Bond looks down sadly at the envelope in his hand. Glum.

BOND
I really am in the doghouse.

PAGE 15

1) Full-width panel. The towering cityscape of downtown DUBAI.

TITLE
Dubai
United Arab Emirates

2) BIG. Wide interior shot of an ARMS FAIR inside a vast modern CONVENTION CENTER (Google SOFEX and DSEI for visual reference). Crowds of rich Arabs and uniformed Middle Eastern military officers chat and examine displays of tanks, trucks, jeeps, drones, rocket launchers, anti-aircraft systems, helicopters, fighter jets, small arms, riot control equipment, you name it. The UAE is a devout Muslim country so there will NOT be any booth babes! All-male clientele. In the background, a wide, glassed-in VIP BALCONY hangs high above the convention floor. A figure stands in the window...

TITLE
Dubai Arms Fair

3) Full-width panel. Move in on the figure standing in the window of the VIP balcony, watching the bustle far below. It's BOND. Hands in the trouser pockets of his sand-colored linen suit. Hard eyes, focused, taking it all in. Behind him is a sparsely-populated VIP lounge.

PAGE 16

1) Full-width panel. Close on Bond. Now we're up in the VIP lounge with him. Laconic, he turns from the window to us as he hears a voice behind him from off panel RIGHT.

VICTORIA
(off-panel right)
Extraordinary, isn't it...?

2) Bond's POV, revealing VICTORIA HUNT. Stylish, beautiful and intelligent. Think Cate Blanchett meets Catherine Deneuve. Her eyes are often half-hooded, and the corner of her mouth will quirk up to suggest the hint of a smirk, as if she knows something you don't know. Cool, calm and collected. She has poise, class, and a core of weapons-grade hardened steel. She's wearing something pale, stylish but conservative, that doesn't reveal too much skin (Muslim country, remember). Her hair will have been covered by a white silk headscarf, which right now she is lowering. James Bond is known for seducing beautiful women, but it takes a rare breed of woman to seduce James Bond...

COLOR NOTE: Victoria wears a pale dress and white scarf, mirroring Bond's pale suit and white shirt. We want to subliminally imply that the two of them belong together.

VICTORIA
Billions of pounds dedicated to delivering death and destruction, and the only aspect they find offensive is having to buy it from a woman.
(link)
You must be our mysterious Foreign Office liaison...
(link)
I'm Victoria Hunt.

3) Mildly impressed, Bond switches on the charm.

BOND
I don't believe I've had the pleasure. Yet.
(link)
Bond. James Bond.

4) Victoria gestures politely towards an exit at the back of the lounge. She might now be wearing her long silk scarf around the small of her back and looped over the crook of her elbows...

VICTORIA
My father sends his apologies, but I'm afraid he's entertaining the Sultan of Brunei...

5) Bond and Victoria stroll across the lounge together. Victoria takes the compliment with good grace.

BOND
No apology necessary. I rather think I got the better part of the deal.

VICTORIA
Hmm. If you'll step this way, I've been authorized to give you a private tour of our VIP section...

PAGE 17

Three-tier page. Two tiers of two TV panels each, then a full-width panel across the foot of the page. That final panel could be full-page, full bleed, with the four TV inserts floating above it.

NOTE: Please be sure to leave enough dead space above/around the TV panels for dialogue.

1) TV screen inset. A Hunt promotional video showing a high-tech combat helmet with night-vision lenses on the front, back and sides. Cutting edge near-future tech.

PROMO
(jagged, tailless)
Hunt Engineering. Defense products for a safer, more secure world.
(link)
Three-sixty Augmented Reality headsets for networked battlefield awareness. Literally give your soldiers eyes in the back of their heads...

2) TV screen inset. A high-tech segmented breastplate of lightweight black composite material.

PROMO
(jagged, tailless)
Arachno-Composite body armor, constructed from genetically modified spider silk. Pound for pound, five times lighter and stronger than steel...

3) TV screen inset. Close on a 9mm handgun being FIRED, two-handed. Big muzzle flash. The slide is back, exposing the barrel. A single spent case being ejected from the breech --

PROMO
(jagged, tailless)
APHEX rounds. Armor-Piercing High Explosive bullets turn small-calibre arms into battlefield anti-matériel weapons...

FX
BDAM

4) TV screen inset. Close on a military truck as the engine block EXPLODES. The blast lifts the truck a few inches up off the ground; the bonnet/hood blowing up off the engine --

FX
BOOM

5) Full width panel. Medium close on BOND, wry. Just the suggestion of one eyebrow raised. He's standing in Hunt's VIP section of the arms fair. Unlike the main floor, this VIP area is dark, enclosed, intimate. Behind and around him we see glimpses of Hunt's high-tech military equipment on display; TV promo screens; the HUNT ENGINEERING logo...

BOND
Business is booming.

PAGE 18

1) Full width panel. Widen out to give us a proper establishing shot of the Hunt display area. Bond and Victoria move left-to-right through the exhibition as she gives her well-practiced sales pitch...

VICTORIA
Most of our major clients are here in the Middle East. Since the Arab Spring, the region's been more unstable than ever.
(link)
We offer our allies the means to defend themselves.

BOND
Against their own people?

VICTORIA
Against whatever threats may emerge.

2) Floating inset on bigger panel 3. On Victoria, her gaze direct and unapologetic.

VICTORIA
We're not here to change the world, Mister Bond.
(link)
We're here to maintain the status quo.

3) BIG! Low angle from behind Bond and Victoria as they look up at HAMMERHEAD - a huge RAILGUN mounted on a complex set of hydraulic gimbals. The barrel is rectangular, lined with magnetic induction coils (Google visual ref of real-life Navy railguns for inspiration). It looms over them like a menacing steel dinosaur...

VICTORIA
To which end, allow me to introduce our latest innovation --
(link)
HAMMERHEAD.

PAGE 19

1) Hammerhead's POV, looking down on Bond and Victoria. Bond looks fascinated, absorbed. A self-satisfied smile from Victoria.

BOND
Electromagnetic induction coils...
(link)
It's a railgun.

VICTORIA
Very good, Mister Bond.
(link)
Muzzle velocity of Mach Six. Hammerhead can fire a sub-orbital ballistic warhead up to one thousand miles.

2) Bond and Victoria turn to each other. Bond is impressed, if mildly concerned. Victoria is quietly proud of her monster.

BOND
A thousand? That's--

VICTORIA
An order of magnitude greater than our nearest rivals. We're very proud.
(link)
And expect orders to be brisk.

3) Closer on Bond. His face darkens as he considers the implications.

BOND
Could it be adapted to deliver a nuclear payload?

4) Full-width panel. Now we're looking down on Bond and Victoria from VERY high above - up in the steel rafters of the convention space. A SILHOUETTED FIGURE crouches on a girder in foreground panel RIGHT, lurking, watching them, unseen...

VICTORIA
That would contravene every non-proliferation agreement in existence.
(link)
Fortunately, we only sell to our friends.

5) Reverse angle, revealing the ASSASSIN crouching on the girder near the ceiling. His features are hidden beneath Hunt's lightweight black aracho-composite stealth/combat armor and AR (augmented reality) night-vision helmet, giving him a sinister, insect-like appearance...

BOND
(off-panel below)
And if friends should become enemies...?

PAGE 20

FULL-PAGE SPLASH! The Assassin's POV through the AR heads-up-display (think IRON MAN). His main POV is zoomed-in on Bond and Victoria, with a facial recognition targeting reticle squared around Bond's head. Small side-windows have opened up in the HUD, showing Bond's MI6 front-and-side mugshot, fingerprints, vocal print (a jagged line), DNA spiral etc. Raw text scrolls below: Bond's personnel dossier. It doesn't matter if some of the lower text is missed out; I'll just list enough below to give you something to work with.

NOTE: This is a complicated image, but it's the hook for our first-issue cliffhanger, so let's make it count! Some of this visual information could be added in separate layers of artwork, and/or added by the colorist and/or letterer. Let's all work together to make it look slick!

VICTORIA
(jagged)
Actually, Mister Bond, I rather think that's your department.

H.U.D. TEXT
(Bond's dossier)
Bond, James
Secret Intelligence Service, UK
00 Section
Licensed To Kill
Threat Level: High

Height: 1.83m
Weight: 76kg
Hair: Black
Eyes: Blue-Grey
Scar: Right Cheek
Scar: Right Hand
Education: Eton College
Fettes, Edinburgh
Service History: Royal Navy
Special Boat Squadron...

TO BE CONTINUED!